I was still a youngster of twenty-one, without administrative experience. My judgment of people was often wrong. I was too credulous, and Malyshev used to tease me for having a soft spot for crooks and cranks. I handled my job by sheer strength of will and the support of half a dozen able and devoted comrades. We worked as a team, but the others pushed me to the head of the organization, crediting me with ability to make decisions and get people to obey them. I think my only advantage over them was that I could write better than they, knew how to talk with the Municipal Council, and remained a trifle aloof from the crowd—not enough to provoke resentment but enough to give orders. All the leaders worked without remuneration, but I had no financial worries. Publishers paid me royalties on my pamphlets, and I continued to lecture on physics in my father's courses during the summers of 1906 and 1907.

Although the Council of the Unemployed became largely a workers' welfare organization, it kept its revolutionary flair, and our registration bureaus were open for use by underground party organizations. Two score soldiers and sailors from Sveaborg and Kronstadt were hiding from the police with identification cards we provided, and some of them were employed on public works. We likewise provided refuge and work for a dozen farm hands who had escaped firing squads in the Baltic provinces. Apart from other considerations, it was good to have these politically mature and reliable men on the works.

I also continued to work in the S-D party, as a member of the St. Petersburg Committee and the Conference. There was nothing exciting in the activity of these organizations and I was not interested in the squabbles between the Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, but I wished to maintain contact between the organization of the unemployed and the party. Among the unemployed I was at home. I liked the people with whom I worked and felt that they loved me. In the party, by contrast, I was a stranger.

LENIN

My position in the party was rather unusual. The Bolsheviks were using me increasingly as a figurehead and spokesman at public meetings but did not trust me in internal factional affairs. I had little respect for the Marxian gospel and still less for the leaders of both factions in the St. Petersburg organization. The leader of the Bolshevist faction, Zinoviev, was almost as obnoxious to me as the Menshevist leader, Dan, and I had no doubt that both reciprocated

